

A N
E P I S T L E

T O

John James H-dd-g-r, Esq;

O N T H E

R E P O R T

O F

Signior *F—r—n—li's* being with CHILD.

——— *Quis talia fando,
Myrmidonum Dolopumve, aut duri Miles Ulyssæ,
Temperet à Lacrymis?*

VIRG.



L O N D O N:

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EPISTLE

John James H. H. H. H. H.

PROB



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A N
E P I S T L E
T O

Mr. H—dd—g—r.



AY, my dear Count, and, with thy solemn
Face,

Confirm, or clear, the Charmer's foul
Disgrace.

What may we think? the Doubt has made me wild;
Is the soft Warbler then a Wench with Child?

Or

Or does some *English* Fidler, out of Spite,
 Raise the Report th' harmonious World t' affright?
 To make its Friends forsake it, Prudes and Beaus,
 That to the Female Sex are constant Foes.

WHAT Words can speak the chaste CLARINDA'S Woe!
 Who now must all her hop'd-for Bliss foregoe?
 Her lovely *Eunuch* to a Woman turn'd,
 For whose secure Embrace so long she's burn'd!
 She who's refus'd a thousand filthy Men,
 Must she still hug her beastly Lap-dog then?
 Still only stroke her Parrots and her Cats,
 Or else with Squire JENNY play at -----?
 Hard Fate! shew me a harder if you can,
 Debarr'd of all, who lack'd but half a Man:
 How did she rave, ye Gods! and how take on,
 When first the News was spread that am'rous CON,
 In Heat of Love, bestow'd Love's greatest Curse?
 But this Report, ah! this is ten times worse.
 That might be cur'd by Patience, and by Pills;
 But this new Baulk transcends all human Ills.

Not only she, but forty Prudes beside,
 And forty smock'd-fac'd Youths, if not bely'd,
 Who had some new-improv'd, uncommon Views,
 Are fainting, dying at this fatal News.

How

How does Lord *Epicæne* his Loss lament!
 His Sighs, his Pray'rs, and all his Jew'ls mispent?
 " Have I, crys he, 'fore Swine been casting Pearl:
 " And lavish'd so much Treasure on a Girl?
 " Kneel'd like a Slave, forgetting all my Pomp,
 " At the splay Feet of this ungainly Romp?
 " Curse on the Strumpet, G---ns---n lend thine Aid,
 " And *Bridewell*, Oh! receive the saucy Jade;
 " There let her daily Task be *milling Dolly*,
 " And chanting Odes compos'd by Laureat COLLY;
 " Tho' great must be the Pain to such an Ear,
 " Her Crime consider'd, 'tis not too severe.

Bridewell, dear Maiden Lord, was never meant
 For such fine Things, no Justice ever sent
 A Culprit in her Coach for due Correction,
 But sooner sues himself for her Protection.
 The Rocks of Vice, on which vile Beggars split,
 In higher Life are Pinnacles of Wit;
 My Lord's admir'd, by Flatt'ers harangu'd,
 For what low needy Rogues are whip'd and hang'd.
 By That a Dutches shews good Breeding, Sense,
 Which in a poorer Whore's call'd IMPUDENCE:
 Adultry's safely practis'd by the Best,
 And cheating Tradesmen but a very Jest;

A Crime no Man of Fashion strives to hide,
'Tis only done to check *Mechanics* Pride.

BUT pardon, lovely Count, I thus digress,
And leave the Theme that does my Heart possess;
The Dread of seeing *Farri* in the Straw,
Damps all my Joys, and keeps my Soul in awe.
Oh! tell me when the Reck'ning's out, and when
We may expect to see it up agen.
If from last *Scarb'rough* Meeting Time is reckon'd,
The dismal Day will be on *March* the second;
Sad Work! to do't without ^{or} Sense or Reason!
It comes, ye Gods! at th' Height of all the Season.
Lost to the Town a Month! it is too long,
Who can that while survive the dying Song?
Eight Nights to lose in Fifty! fairly bit!
O! ye Subscribers! learn henceforth more Wit;
And serve your Eunuchs as they serve the Pope
Before they sign, let every Member grope.
You'll this Advantage gain to the Op'ra Tribe,
That all the Ladies too will then subscribe:
At least you should, beside the Sing-song Patrons,
Admit an honest Jury of good Matrons,
And each fair Judge, before that you have heard it,
Should on her Oath give in her modest Verdict;

That

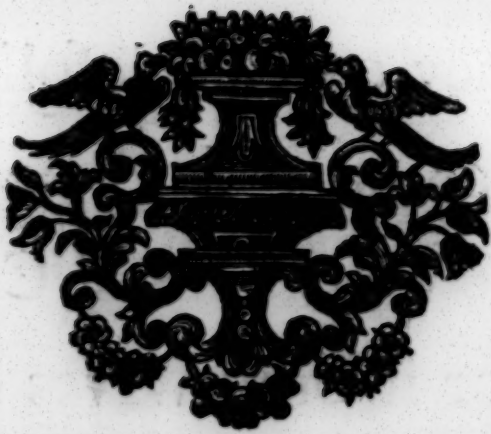
That she has seen and felt how Matters stand,
 With her own naked Eye and naked Hand.
 Unless you take this Method for the future.
 Your Silver Tickets may as well be Pewter :
 For when to serve the Town you've made a Rout;
 I th' midst of all your Hero may Cry-out.
 Tho' when to Pieces any Lady falls,
 You, prudent Count, can help us out with BALLS ;
 That which we know's a manly *Passo Tempo*,
 Tho' some would have th' Inventor swing in Hemp, O!

BUT after all, perhaps the Account's untrue,
 And the dear Thing no more with Child than you ;
 Or if it is, how came the Tale reveal'd,
 Which should have been with th' utmost Care conceal'd ?
 Has the base Man who first possess'd her Charms,
 Now fated, thrown her from his faithless Arms ?
 And to his Fellow Brutes divulg'd her Shame ?
 Or are the PARISH OFFICERS to blame ?
 But how should they on Gentlefolks obtrude,
 Who to the Vulgar only dare be rude ?
 'Twould make rare Work should Countesses be forc'd,
 (When Widows, or if only Wives divorc'd,)
 To give Security to Overseers,
 And own if kiss'd by Footmen, or by Peers !

Whose .

Whose e'er the Bantling is, since now 'tis blown,
 Let Care be taken 'gainst it comes to Town,
 A Parson to provide, good Gossips, Cawdle,
 A Midwife, Nurses, Belly-band, and Swaddle;
 The Child, as soon as born, in Tune will squawl,
 And be *Montagnano* there to bawl;
 Let sweet *Cuzzoni* sing the *Lullabi*,
 And Signior *Porpora*, giving Time, stand by;
 Whilst Lords and Ladies crowding all, and list'ning,
 Shall to an OPERA turn this merry CHRISTNING.

F I N I S.



Valjord M/23/162
 24 Sept '68

